

## THANKSGIVING HYMN

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—  
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;  
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,  
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;  
For never in blindness, and never in vain,  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—  
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;  
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child  
But thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father, of all, for the power  
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;  
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,  
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—  
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—  
That all our Eternity form, through Thy love,  
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

## THANKSGIVING

The old-time honored custom of making a festival at Thanksgiving, as, indeed, at all other national holidays, is simple, beautiful, right.

No greater argument can be advanced in favor of these holidays than that we continue zealously to keep them up in letter if not in spirit.

When we think of the terrible hardships the Puritans were constantly undergoing, and yet of the feast which they spread in the wilderness—when we think of their brave cheery ways, of their courage that stopped at nothing, and of that first primeval Thanksgiving dinner with its attendant praise-service and air of hearty cheer, we cannot help regretting that a little of that old-time sentiment has not descended to the present generation.

We who have everything to be thankful for are often thankful for little. We who are surrounded by every comfort are often as ungrateful as if we were surrounded by none. If one does not appreciate one's mercies, one may as well have calamities, for what does prosperity signify if one is not glad? Let us then be truly, heartily glad for the beautiful world that surrounds us, for the books, the flowers, the pictures, the music, the love of kith and kin, the happy words of children, the helpful hands of friends—for all this and much more which we receive with apparent indifference.

### Love's Service.

Love always gives. Service has a thousand forms, says the Christian Herald. Sometimes it is poverty that stands at our door and relief is wanted. More often it is not money nor bread, but something more precious, friendship, sympathy, sorrow or loneliness is before us. A mother's heart is breaking. Money would be useless—it would be mockery. But we can hold to the neighbor's lips a cup of the wine of love, filled out of our own heart, which will lighten the sufferer. Or it is the anguish of a life struggle, a human Gethsemane, beside which we are called to watch. We can give no actual aid—the soul must fight its battles alone, but we can be as the angel that ministered to our Lord's Gethsemane, imparting strength and helping the weary stranger to win the victory. The world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we cannot live among our fellow men and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that it will fall upon the shadowed heart. If it does no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others. Selfishness must die or else our own heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we cannot live for ourselves and be Christians; that the blessings that are sent us are to be shared with others and that we are only God's almoners to carry them in Christ's name to those for whom they were intended.

### Teddy's Thanksgiving.

Kiss Thanksgiving time once more,  
When Turkey rules the day,  
And aunts and uncles, cousins, too,  
May come from far away  
To grace the full Thanksgiving table,  
And eat—as much as they are able.

Teddy, one year old to-day,  
In his new "best dress,"  
Wants to sit in his high chair  
And eat his share—I guess,  
And help mamma be thankful, may be,  
For her Thanksgiving birthday baby.

Be at mamma's side he sits—  
Little rosy, dimpled boy;  
His "turkey" only bread and milk,  
His little chair official of joy,  
And he to us is twice worth living,  
Since he brought Teddy last Thanks giving.

—M. D. Brine.



## A PUMPKIN LARK

AY, Bill, 'spos we fellows give Widow Gray a regular surprise party Thanksgiving eve.

"I heard those Maitland boys bragging to little Tom Gray what a splendid Thanksgiving they were going to have, and Tom said, 'I guess we used to have as good a time as anybody when father was alive; but mother says we mustn't expect a turkey or a mince pie this year.'"

"I lay awake last night over so long, and planned it all out. You and I will go up to 'Squire Fiske'—father says he's got a big heart—and I shouldn't wonder, if we tell him how hard Widow Gray works to get along and keep the boys at school, if he'll give the turkey, and then the biggest thing of all will be off my mind."

"Then I want at least six pumpkins, and here comes in the fun—these 'surprise pumpkins' will be such pumpkins as you've never seen in all your life. You just come up to our barn to-night, at seven o'clock, and bring your pocket-knife, sharpened up, and I'll show you what I mean by 'surprise pumpkins.'"

And seven o'clock that November night found as jolly and happy a half-dozen boys as you'd wish to see, collected in Mr. Emery's barn. Six of the biggest pumpkins—one oval in shape—and six boys and six knives busy at work on the straw-covered floor.



### THIS WAS THE PROGRAMME.

First the pumpkins were cut in two parts, about two-thirds from the base, then both parts were scooped out, leaving the yellow rind about an inch in thickness; then a green willow with or without a switch was cut the right length and put into the smaller part of the divided pumpkin (the cover), for a handle. Then the boys put a thin coat of varnish over their work, and left to dry in a shelf in the barn a row of splendid new-fashioned orange-colored dishes and covers!

The next three days were busy days, I can tell you, for the surprise party; but 'Squire Fiske' gave the turkey and the "fixings"—celery and cranberries—and Joe's mother made a real Yankee plum-pudding; and Will's sister made two such pies, as Will said—mince and squash—and the other boys' mothers and sisters made doughnuts

and cookies and all sorts of "goodies" for the Thanksgiving tea.

On Thanksgiving eve, at eight p. m., might have been seen a torchlight procession moving across the meadow from Mr. Emery's barn, and along the lane that led to Widow Gray's cottage at the other end of the village. And this was the programme:

Two boys with Chinese lanterns; two little Chinamen bearing on a pole between them a real Chinese tea-chest filled with tea and sugar; wheelbarrow, alternately wheeled by Joe Emery and Will Somerby. On each side of the barrow two pumpkins containing pies, doughnuts, etc. One pumpkin in front with celery and cranberries; large oval pumpkin in the center with turkey, decorated with laurel sprigs; spaces filled up with white potatoes and sweet potatoes; at the head of the barrow, on pole, a little banner—"A Thanksgiving greeting from the friends of Mrs. Gray."

Now, don't you think Joe Emery's was a new and jolly "pumpkin lark?"

B. P.

## Let Us Be Thankful.

OME from Hamlet and city,  
Home o'er river and sea,  
The boys and girls are coming  
To keep Thanksgiving with me.  
High as a judge, they tell me,  
And John is a learned divine.  
They were always more than common,  
Those sturdy lads of mine.

Laura, my pride, my darling,  
And my little Rosalie,  
And the children all are coming  
To keep Thanksgiving with me.  
The great world's din is softened  
Ere it reaches this abode.  
This mountain farm, that lieth  
Under the smile of God.

So open the doors and windows,  
And let in the golden air,  
Sweep out the dust and cobwebs,  
And make the old home fair.  
For swift from Hamlet and city  
Swift o'er river and sea,  
My boys and girls are hastening  
To keep Thanksgiving with me.  
—Agnes Kincaid.

### Thankful.

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the occasion."

"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply. "I never went to a football game in my life that I didn't feel tremendously thankful that I wasn't one of the players."—Ex.

The above goes very well with the experience of the little girl, who, locked up in a dog in a dark closet while the family were at church Thanksgiving Day, so that he might be thankful when they came home and let him out.

### Turkey Humour.

Old Turkey—Are you trying to lay anything by this year?  
Young Turkey—No, I shall be satisfied if I can only keep ahead until after Thanksgiving.



Cream of Chestnuts	Croissants	Hominy	Brussels Sprouts
Frictionless of Oysters	Olives	Apple and Celery Salad	Waters
Roast Turkey	Giblet Stuffing	Thanksgiving Plum Pudding	Hard Sauce
Cranberry Sauce	Diced Turnip	Squash Pie	Mince Pie
Mashed Potatoes	Applesauce	Fruit Nuts	Confectionery
New Cider	White Velvet Sherbet	Coffee	
Roast Duck	Currant Jelly		

## A VERY STRANGE CASE

THAT WHICH IS NOW THE TALK OF TWO CITIES.

London and San Francisco Stirred Up Over the Accusations Against the Wife of One of the Golden Gate's Leading Citizens—A Slave to Stealing.



OT in a decade has society in London and San Francisco been so stirred up and excited over an occurrence as it is now over the arrest in London recently of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Castle of San Francisco on the charge of shoplifting.

Larceny in England is a felony the punishment for which is practically unlimited. The Castles were arrested at the complaint of a furrier who missed some valuable goods after a visit the two paid his shop, and when the boxes of the San Francisco couple were opened such an array of valuable trifles, bric-a-brac, lace and dress goods met the astonished eyes of the officials that they are less Mrs. Castle has a most perverted mania for collecting such things she is either a kleptomaniac the like of which has never been seen or else a daring thief. Although Mr. Castle shared his wife's arrest it is not thought he was an accomplice.

The defense will be that Mrs. Castle is a kleptomaniac and her San Francisco physician has sent a long cablegram to London outlining her physical and mental condition, which it is thought will go a long way toward securing her acquittal on the charge of shoplifting. The case rests with a magistrate who is noted as being the most severe in London in the discharge of his duty. There is no doubt of Mrs. Castle's guilt, but her solicitor



W. M. CASTLE.

ors and physicians claim she is morally irresponsible. The tremendous interest manifested in the case is without precedent.

In San Francisco the Castles move in the best society. Mr. Castle is 41 years old and a member of one of the wealthiest firms in San Francisco. His education was finished at Brussels and London. His wife is a pretty woman who for some years has been a leader in Jewish circles in San Francisco. Since the two were arrested the United States embassy has been flooded with cablegrams and telegrams from persons vouching for the integrity of Mr. Castle and demanding something to be done for the couple's release and acquittal.

Those who have thus expressed their indignation are Gov. Budd of California, Mayor Suto of San Francisco, Senator White, Congressman Maguire, the chief of the San Francisco police, the district attorney, members of the chamber of commerce and an army of the business men of California; in England Lord Rothschild sent his private secretary to intercede, Claid Spreckles' agent called on behalf of his employer and no less than seven bank managers voluntarily offered bail for their American friends. In the face of all this the decision of the all-powerful magistrate will be eagerly awaited.

### A Woman Ambassador.

Although women are now branching out into nearly every avenue of masculine activity, yet the part played by woman in politics of the world forms a very interesting chapter in the history of the human race. The Sabine women were stolen from their parents and interceded with them for Remulus and his gallant knight-errants. We have Veturia saving Rome from the revenge of her son, Coriolanus, when the Senate had despaired of it. There is the record of Roman matrons saving the city when Brennus besieged it. The treaty of Cambray was the work of the mother of Charles V. and of the mother of Francis I. These may be cited as the work of self-constituted women ambassadors. The first woman who was completely and formally invested with the dignity of an ambassador is Catherine de Siena. She was deputed by the Italian Government to conciliate Pope Urban VI. after his flight, and induce him to return to Rome, which she successfully discharged.

### He Never Could.

Two clergymen were walking together recently, when one of them had the misfortune to fall over some orange peel. "Ha! ha!" exclaimed his brother of the cloth, "the wicked always stand on slippery ground." "So it seems," said the fallen one, "but I never could."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A sectional blackboard for school purposes, with sections so arranged as to permit several scholars to work at once without interference.

## THE DEAF MAY HEAR.

That is, When They Go to Dr. G. B. Spalding's Presbyterian Church.

Many an old lady goes to church on a Sunday and sits through the service in a frame of mind devoid to a degree, but never hears a solitary word of the sermon. There is a preacher in Syracuse, Rev. George B. Spalding, D. D., who has changed all that. Dr. Spalding is pastor of the First Presbyterian church, a religious body made up in the main of wealthy folk to whom money is no particular object. Moved at first by the lamentations of some of his aged parishioners that they could not hear his preachments—Dr. Spalding was a newspaper man before he joined the clergy, and is a practical soul without—he arranged, for the better delivery of the gospel to those deaf brethren and sisters, speaking tubes which ran from a large metal receiver—really a megaphone—immediately in front of him on the pulpit, down under the flooring of the auditorium and up into the pews. The megaphone is built into the front of the pulpit, so that when reading or speaking the doctor addresses it directly. So successful did the clergyman's device prove, that speaking tubes were put into every pew in the great auditorium. Any person, who is hard of hearing and happens to be a visitor to the church, will find means at hand of hearing the sermon.

One deaf old lady, who went to Dr. Spalding's church the other day, having heard of the speaking tube system, burst into tears when she put the transmitter to her ear and caught the sound of the preacher's voice. She said it was the first sermon she had heard for over a quarter of a century.

### MARK YOUR WHEEL.

Here is a Simple Method for Identification if Your Bicycle Is Stolen.

It is always a good plan for every owner of a bicycle to have a private mark on his wheel. This has been tried plenty of times, but in case of theft it is somehow always discovered and obliterated. Now, however, it is suggested that the machine be marked by scraping an inch square of the enamel from some portion of the frame of the machine. After all traces of the enamel have been removed, apply a coating of grease, and with a pointed piece of steel dipped in carbolic acid, draw the initials or private mark through the grease. The acid follows the marking of the steel point, where the grease keeps it from spreading. After allowing the acid to eat into the tubing, the grease can be rubbed off, and the mark or initial shows as plainly as if cut into the steel framework. One coat of enamel will completely hide all traces of the mark. Should any question as to the ownership of the wheel arise, the owner could, by simply scratching off the enamel which covered his mark, at once prove his claim.

### HISTORIC CHURCH.

One of the few relics in the Early Northwest.

The old mission church on Mackinac Island is one of the few Protestant temples that have come down to the present time unchanged from pioneer days. It was built in 1829 when the inhabitants of the island were fishermen. It fronts on the main street and looks across the narrow road just as it did when its builders put the finishing touches to its roof. Before the mission are clustered several cottages with low eaves. These were built in the old days, too, and served as homes for the hardy fellows who caught fish in the lake. Two great elms half hide the view of the building from the shore. The edifice was put up under the direction of Rev. Dr. Ferry, whose son has since risen to eminence as a United States senator. It was built firm and strong. In spite of the fact that al-



### MISSION CHURCH.

most seventy northern winters have beaten upon it, the old timbers are as staunch as when they were put together, and the tin on the tower shines as lustreously as the day it was smelted. Along in the '30s, when the fur company dissolved, Mackinac lost its character as a field for mission work, and the building and the grounds about it were sold. The old church passed through a somewhat precarious existence until some of the cottagers and islanders bought it.

### Ghastly Joke.

Hendon, north of London, has a tavern in a churchyard, with tombstones all around it which has been kept there for many hundred years, and is the only licensed house in such a place.

The original building was burned down 200 years ago, the present house having been built soon after the restoration of Charles II. It is believed that it was once a church house, as by the terms of the lease a room must be set aside for parish meetings, and for the preservation of the parish records.

## CAT AND COON AGAINST DOG.

The Fighting Ability Exhibited by a Queer Pair of Friends.

Lean, yellow cats as hunters are right successful in the woods. They go along like snakes, stopping, and creeping forward slowly and surveying the territory with a care that the human still hunter never learns to exercise. Fat yellow cats, on the other hand, are careless. There is one yellow cat that has gained the name of the Yellow Cat. Other yellow cats are plain yellows, but this one is a class all by itself, according to hunters around Grant, N. Y. They maintain their opinion by relating various traits of the cat's superiority as a hunter. One night late in August the yellow cat gained special notoriety in the region around Grant. From Prospect to Wilmart, from Wheelertown to Poland, there wasn't an observer of nature but had heard of and wondered at the yellow cat's doings. Old Hi Hubbard put out a lot of corn last year near the gully on his farm. Coons got to resorting to the corn in late August, and one night the yellow cat went there, too, likely thinking to find a partridge sleeping among the stalks low down or a small bird or two. The yellow cat didn't find the birds, but it did find a black coon, and it liked the black coon uncommonly well. The two got acquainted, just as a wolf or coyote sometimes gets to know a shepherd dog. The two became great friends. They went along the rows of corn hills together, as their tracks in the sand showed, and the cat would sit on its haunches while the coon pulled down a fat ear. After a time the cat and coon wandered off across the field toward Zephyr Heights Swamp and in the road stopped. Bert Jones was coming along the road just then. He had been up to Northwood on an errand which wasn't anybody's business, and he had his dog along. The dog is a fighter from bulldog and bear-tracking stock. It was believed that it could whip even Phil Perry's fighting dog, which once cleaned out a wildcat. Jones set his dog at the cat and coon and away it went with a yelping bark that made old Hi Hubbard come to the window. The dog got to the cat and the coon quickly, but it wasn't a circumstance to the way it got away from them, once it broke loose. Coons are mighty good fighters, and lean yellow cats are in this way quite as good as coons. The two could have whipped a whole pack of such dogs as Jones'. The cat got onto the dog's back and stretched out its hind legs with the claws raking the dog's hide. That was when the dog tried to bite the coon. When the dog turned on the cat, the coon set its teeth into the dog's tail, and the tail is crooked now. The row did not last long—only while Jones was running up to join in the mess. Then the dog broke away from the cat and ran a rod with the coon hanging on, with all four legs stiff, and ploughing up the sand off the road. The dog got away and kept going, while the two friendly beasts kept on toward the swamp.—New York Sun.

### Skirt Dancer Annoyed Her.

A small object upon the scarf of a young man in the Sixth avenue car happened to attract the eye of a sympathetic and near-sighted old lady seated opposite. The small object seemed at the first glance to be a gaudy beetle impaled upon a pin and kicking frantically to release himself. The old lady arose from her seat with the evident intention of berating the youth, whom she supposed, like the late Bill Nye's dog, was a collector of insects, for his cruelty. Her indignation turned to horror, however, when she discovered that the beetle was in reality a tiny silver skirt dancer, kicking her diminutive foot into the air in a most lifelike manner. The skirt dancer is a novelty in the way of scarf pins. One of her legs is a trifle more rigid than it really ought to be, but the other is active enough for both. There is a pneumatic arrangement within the figure which is connected by means of a concealed rubber tube with a smaller rubber ball carried in the pocket of the wearer. Like Lois Fuller, you have to reach into your pocket to see her dance. It is only necessary to apply a little pressure to the bulb in the pocket and the skirt dancer's pedal extremity describes arcs in the air with precision enough to destroy a tile at every kick. You press the bulb, she "does a turn." The chief advantage of the smaller silver Lois over the other kind lies in the fact that she is perfectly obedient to the stage manager's wishes, and all her kicking is confined to her own line of business.—New York Herald.

### Coal Mine Worked by One Man.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray Creek colliery is worked by one man, T. Bolitho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small, but to him valuable, coal mine. There is another small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. They have the assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.

### He Wasn't Elected.

"What do women know about politics, anyway?" asked the candidate. "Well," ventured his wife, "most of them know enough to keep out of it." And when the returns came in the wisdom of her words was made apparent.—New York Press.